

Life

We want
bigger
and better
Wars!



Prize Contest ~ See Page 7



A new
experience
awaits you
—ride on
Balloon Type
MICHELIN
Comfort Cords

THESE tires are twice as big as ordinary cords but inflated to less than half the pressure—that is the secret of their comfort. They fit present rims, last longer than ordinary tires and cost hardly any more.

Your first ride on these remarkable tires will entirely change your present conceptions of motoring. Holes and obstructions simply disappear. Rough roads become boulevards. For the first time you will realize what riding on air can mean in comfort and luxury.

And in car-protection, too. Most of the jars and shocks that injure cars are eliminated. Tests indicate that the life of car will thus be increased as much as 50%—the greatest advance of years in motoring economy.

No change of rims or wheels is required.

You cannot afford *not* to change to Michelin Comfort Cords. Ask your tire dealer about them.

MICHELIN TIRE COMPANY
Milltown, New Jersey



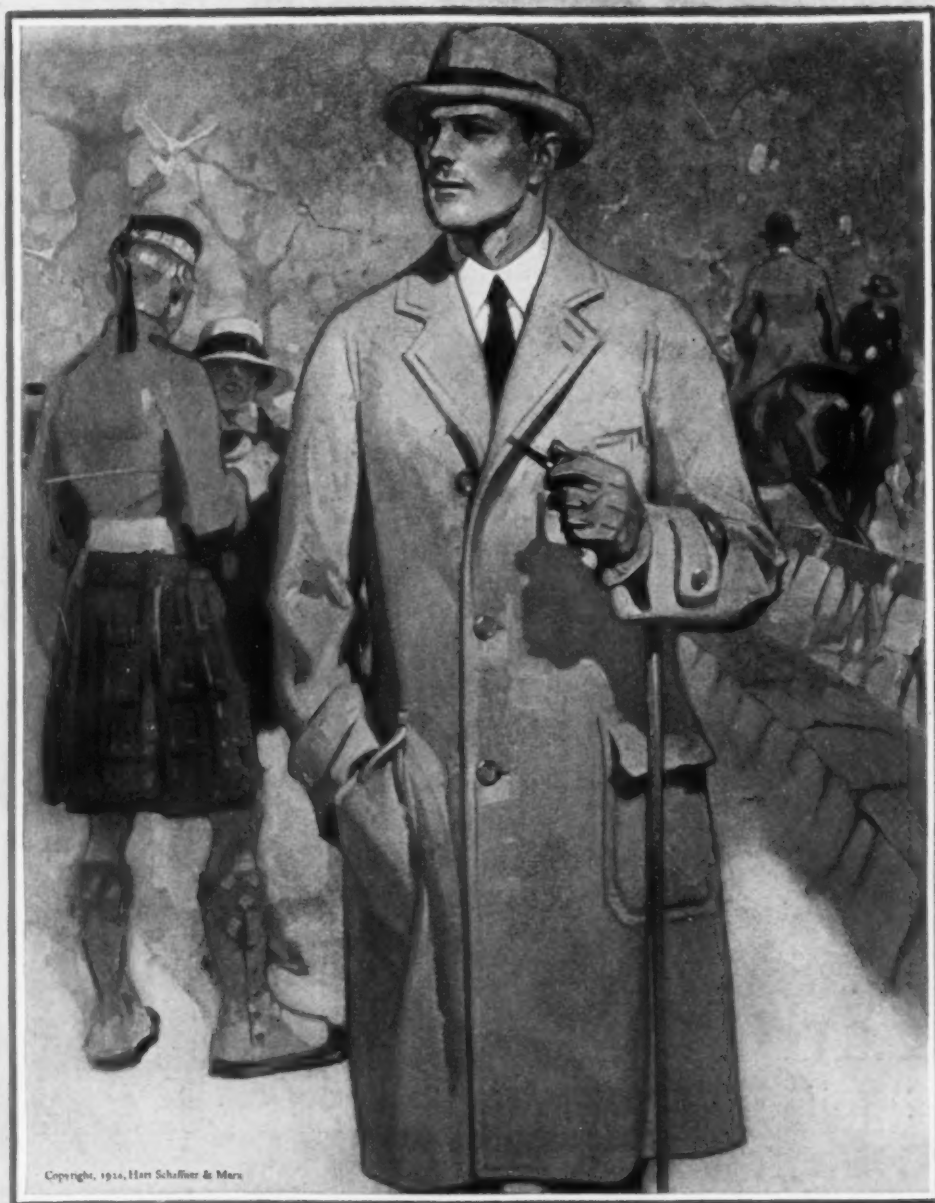
MARMON today offers the finest value in all its history. That is why today, as never before, *the country is coming to Marmon* = =

Whenever a product of known goodness and established demand enjoys an increased appreciation from one coast to the other, it is evident that it must possess real and unmistakable value which sets it apart from all others in its class. The Marmon, with its sixteen new and distinct refinements now sells for \$2785.

Price Range, \$2785 to \$4285. All Prices f. o. b. Factory

NORDYKE & MARMON COMPANY • Established 1851 • INDIANAPOLIS





Copyright, 1914, Hart Schaffner & Marx

LONDON, PARIS, NEW YORK, CHICAGO
AND EVERYWHERE ELSE

You may walk in the most fashionable and cosmopolitan promenades of the world, in our clothes, without a shadow of uncertainty about style distinction

The all-wool quality is there; and the fit

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

FEB 19 '24

© C18609353



Had There Been Telephones Then

Time: 1791. Place: Private Office of President Washington

"HELLO, is this Secretary Hamilton's office?"
"Yeh, thissus Mister Hamilton's office, but he's not in now. Who's this, please?"

"This is President George Washington speaking."

"President George who?"

"George Washington."

"Oh, yeh. Well, Mister Hamilton's gone out. Any message you want leave?"

"Yes. When he comes in, ask him to call General Washington."

"What's that name again?"

"George—Washington."

"Spell it, please."

"G-e-o-r-g-e-w-a-s-h-i-n-g-t-o-n."

"Oh, Warrington. I getcha."

"No, not Warrington. Washington. S, not f. S, as in soldier. George Washington."

"Say, listen here. Is your name George Walsingham or Sloshington? I can't make it out. This wire's awful. Hey, Central, can'tcher give us a better wire? Now what was that again, Mister Winterbottom?"

(With resignation) "Wash—ing—ton."

"Oh, I gotcha now. General Washingham. Yeh, I'll tell Mister Hamilton. G'by."

(The President reflects that foreign alliances are not the only entangling things.) A. H. F.



Ostrich Farmer: I SEE BY THE PAPERS THAT YOU'RE HAVING DIFFICULTY IN FINDING SPARRING PARTNERS SO I THOUGHT I COULD HELP YOU OUT.



Mr. Kleboe's Clinker

No. 8—Mr. Kleboe has a new clinker! After finally wearing out the natural clinker which has been in his furnace since Dec. 21, 1921, he was so lonesome and unoccupied without it that he has had a special iron clinker made and is going to put it into his furnace for pastime. (FINIS.)

Ten Months to Pay

"FIFTY per cent. down and the balance on easy terms," they said; but the balance wasn't the half of it. Not by an elaborate collection of thirty-day notes, it wasn't.

Item: New radiator to succeed old one, which barked up the wrong tree.

Item: Two new headlight lenses, because car proved unusually poor jumper when put to fence.

Item: First-aid to injured mudguard, attributable to common feeling that "S-T-O-P" lights are wholly unwarranted invasions of personal liberty.

Item: One new battery, owing to use of distilled water for more pressing need—gin, if you must know.

Item: Two new shoes, because railroads won't slow down their trains when an automobile is approaching.

Item: One fine, paid on failure to convince justice of the peace that motorcycle cop wasn't exceeding the speed limit when he caught us.

Item: Sundry dressmaker's bills, occasioned by getting a certain person one, or possibly two stitches fit to wear when motoring.

Item: One case of Scotch, surrendered to State trooper to prove that some one put it in our car as a joke while we were in Canada.

Item: Two quarts from remaining case, broken en route.

Item: Damages to farmers who devote their lives to raising deaf chickens for highway consumption.

James K. McGuinness.

Twigs

'TIS an amusing thing to see
The topmost twigs on a growing tree
Look down with freshly worded scorn
On the boughs by which they are up-borne.
Below, beneath contempt, is sunk
The twigless Mid-Victorian trunk;
While as to roots—how should they know
There must be roots for them to grow?
"We twigs are Life, are Youth," they say;
"We are the world! We are To-day!
This talk of boughs and trunk-bark rough
And tribal myth of roots—Old Stuff!"

The tree minds not the little dears,
It has had twigs in previous years.

Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

Definitions

CONSERVATIVE—One who retains obsolete plumbing in his ancestral home—because his grandfather had it installed.

Radical—One who burns down his ancestral home—because the plumbing is obsolete.

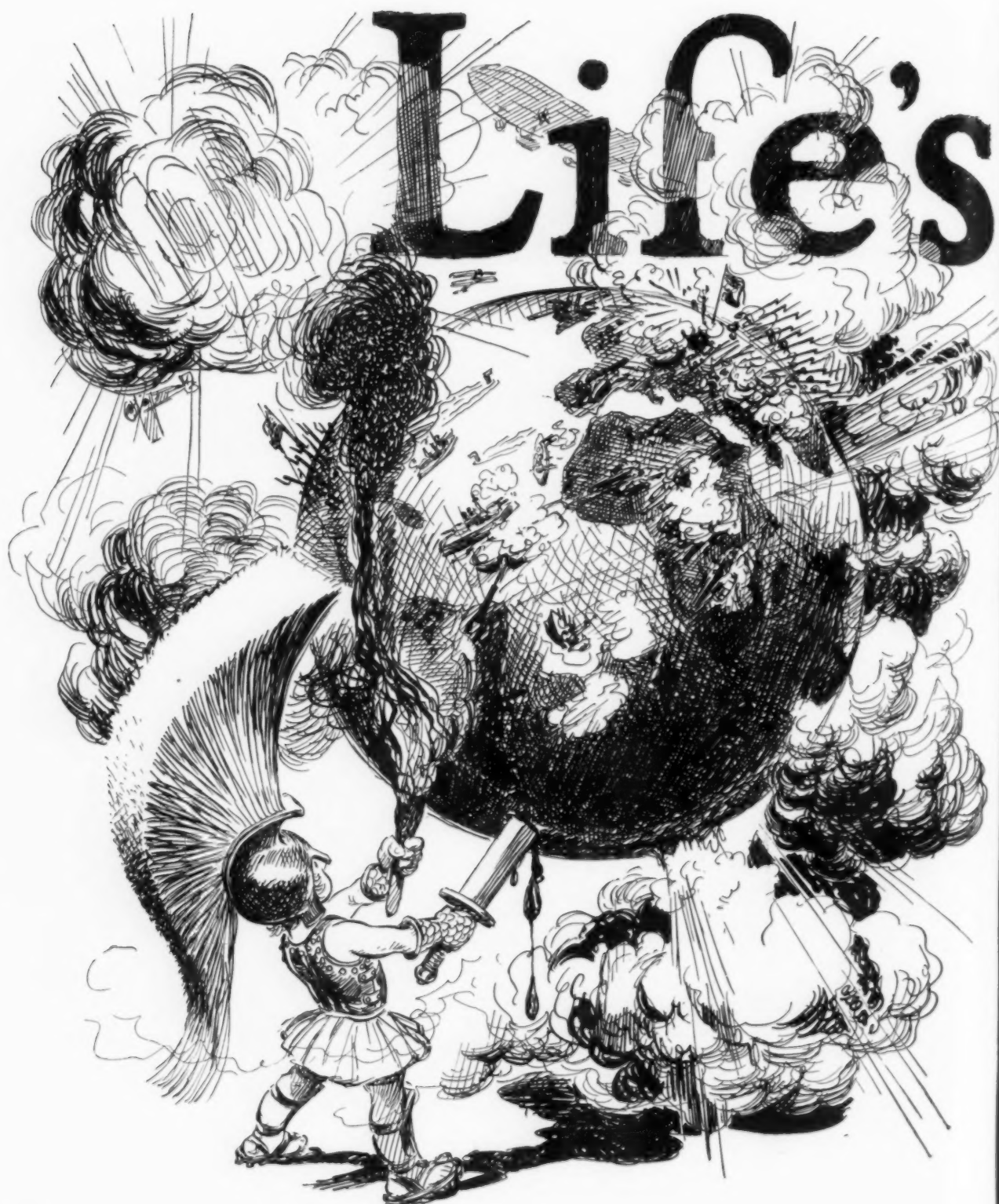
Progressive—One who puts the most modern plumbing in his ancestral home.

R. P.



PIPPA PEACE PASSES

"—ALL'S RIGHT WITH THE WORLD."



War prize contest

*For the Best Suggestions on How to Start Another War
LIFE Will Award \$500 in Prizes*

LOOKING back over the period of the Great War (1914-1918), it must be admitted that every one, with the exception of that small minority of the population who were actually in the fighting area, had a perfectly bully time.

There was the excitement of the bulletins, the blare of the bands, the fun of dressing up in Red Cross uniforms and the thrill of selling and buying Liberty Bonds (at 4 1/4% interest). And the fun of hunting for German spies in your home-town, the delicious sense of sacrifice in abstaining from sugar in your coffee, and the glory of wearing a neat service uniform on Pennsylvania Avenue or in the Café de la Paix, and being saluted for the first time in your life! To say nothing of the patriotic satisfaction of selling materials to the Government and practically tripling your profits. In spite of the biased protests of that insignificant group of citizens who are still suffering from wounds, shell-shock, or a prejudiced contemplation of their own personal loss, it will be universally agreed that those were the Brave and Wonderful Days.

We have given Peace a trial since 1918, and it has been a distinct anti-climax. Nobody has a good time now. A new set of values has sprung up which has made dull, plodding citizens of us all. What we need is another war to liven things up and get money into circulation again.

Therefore, in order to maintain at its present high standard the promising international hard-feeling, and to promote ill-will to a point where further weak-kneed progress toward the Brotherhood of Man

will be impossible, LIFE has decided to offer \$500 in prizes for the best suggestions as to HOW TO BRING ON A GOOD, BIG WAR.

The prizes will be as follows:

First Prize.....	\$250.00
Second Prize.....	125.00
Third Prize.....	75.00
Fourth Prize.....	50.00

The contest will be governed by the following

CONDITIONS

1. Suggestions will be limited to 200 words. Many of our best wars have been brought on with fewer.
 2. The contest will close at this office on April 15, 1924. Then, if the winning suggestion is as feasible as we hope it will be, it ought to be possible to have the fighting begin by April 30 sharp.
 3. The only citizens who will be barred from participation in the contest are professional war-breeders, who, with their experience, would have an unfair advantage over amateurs. This includes members of Congress, all manufacturers of war materials, editorial writers on the New York American and the New York Tribune, a selected list of ministers of the Gospel, members of "patriotic" defense societies and the House of Hohenzollern.
 4. Suggestions should be sent to the War Editor, LIFE, 508 Madison Ave., New York City. As the answers to this contest are submitted, the Editors of LIFE will select those suggestions that they consider best. These will be published from week to week in LIFE, and the readers of the magazine will have the opportunity to vote for their favorites. From these selections the Editors will make the final awards. Should any of the winning plans be duplicated, the full amount of the prize will be given each tying contestant. Checks will be sent simultaneously with the announcement of the award.
- Every contribution to this Contest which is published in LIFE will be paid for at our regular rates—whether it wins a prize or not.

"We want bigger and better wars!"





"I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE A HUNTRESS, MARJORIE!"
 "I'M NOT. GOOD GRACIOUS! I WOULDN'T KILL ANYTHING FOR THE WORLD.
 THIS BEASTLY GUN GOES WITH THE COSTUME."

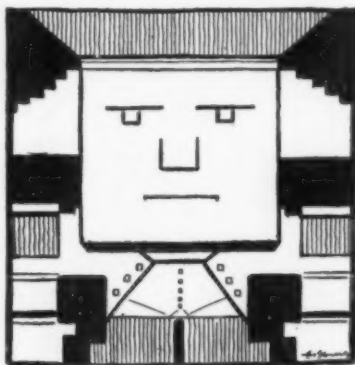
Mrs. Pep's Diary

**February
14th**

Up exceedingly betimes to learn if Samuel had forgotten the day, nor had he, for my breakfast tray bore a brave bunch of violets. Of my many blessings, not the least is a spouse who is ungrudgingly conscious of the calendar, for such a man is more contributory to woman's happiness than the comic writers make out. So up and off to a great shop to buy housewares, being careful to carry my stick, which I discovered during my last lumbago to be a great asset in a throng. For if I do lean on it ever so lightly, strangers clear a path for me and assign me to a point of vantage in elevators and railway trains, and crossing the street is almost a pleasure now, since the veriest brigand of a taxi driver slows up at sight of me and traffic officers wait till I have achieved the opposite kerb before blowing their whistles. I did buy a great array of articles for our kitchen, unduly delighted with a wooden mould that turns out butter in thin, flower-stamped pats, and I do trust that cook will allow me to operate it at times.

**February
15th**

All the morning gone in writing letters, and then to luncheon at an inn with Cora Lansdowne, and I marked that she was a bit distraught when she ordered two sauces for the same course, but I said naught, nor did the waiter, so our food was as incoherent as Cora's conversation. But the poor wretch did finally tell me that she has broken her troth with Edgar Heath, and did ask my opinion in the matter. Lord! in such a situation adventitious comment availeth naught, yet is almost invariably courted. So I did respond in effect that having loved and changed one's mind is better than never having loved at all, making an assumption therein which I pray God the facts in this case bear out, otherwise it were poor solace.



WASHINGTON SQUARE

**February
16th**

Reading in the public prints of some new straw hats from Paris, I did announce this morning my intention of inspecting them, whereupon my husband regarded me gravely and threat-

(Continued on page 31)



Young Brother: MAMA, YA KNOW THE TOWEL WITH ALL THE PRETTY FORGET-ME-NOTS 'BROIDERED ON THE "S"—SKIPPY WIPED HIS DIRTY HANDS ON IT.



Skippy: LIES! LIES! NOTHING BUT LIES! I NEVER DID! OOOH! HOW HE CAN MAKE UP STORIES.



Young Brother: LIES IS IT, MAMA? LIES? COME UP 'N' SEE IF YA DON'T B'IEVE IT. ALL BLACK! AND ON THE FORGET-ME-NOTS, TOO.



Skippy: S'HELP ME IF I AIN'T CROSSIN' MY HEART, MAMA! I DIDN'T DIRTY UP THE GUEST TOWEL!

"YA DID! DID! DID!"
Mother's Voice: THAT'S ENOUGH! I'LL SEE YOU LATER, SKIPPY!



Skippy: SO! MY OWN FLESH 'N' BLOOD THROWS ME DOWN COLD, HUH? WELL, I'LL TELL YA WHO WIPED HIS HANDS ON THAT LOVELY TOWEL—



"IT WAS THE MINISTER."

Skippy

The Reward of the Rapid Transite



SUBWAY train is about the only place now left where a man can talk to himself in peace. The inconvenience of thinking you are talking to yourself and suddenly finding that you are not the only person you are talking to (and probably not the most interested); of suddenly discovering at your elbow a wide-eyed, open-eared, astounded individual trembling for you to go on,—this has brought the practice of talking to oneself out of the high position it deserves to hold and made it something which the average man looks at askance.

If these silent sophisticates had made a habit of using the subway for conversations with themselves, as they use the telephone for conversations with others, they would have been

spared the cruel disillusionment just mentioned; this disillusionment is a turning-point in a man's life: he tends not only never to talk to himself again, but to cast aspersions at the innocents who do.

But let these innocents be comforted with the knowledge that there is still one haven left. For five cents a man may put himself in a position where he not only can talk to himself, but is the only person he *can* talk to. He need not even confine himself to placid conversation; he may get as violent in argument as he pleases and nobody will take in a word he says. If he gesticulates people may look at him for a second, but, even gesticulating, he won't be conspicuous. And even if there wasn't the noise of the train, nobody would understand him, for there probably aren't three people on the car who speak the same language he does.

Some people, however, have become

so fastidious as to object to having others even *see* them talking to themselves, as if themselves weren't good enough for them to talk to. It is carrying snobbishness rather far, but if you feel this way, you can always buy a newspaper for a couple of cents and argue it out behind that. Such a shield insures perfect protection and foils even the professional rapid transite whose curiosity has driven him to acquiring the ability to read lips.

For a matter of seven cents, then, privacy in your private conversations may be assured. The only question that now comes up is, are your private conversations worth that?

Berry Fleming.

Repose

CHILD: Mother, who put the statue under the kitchen sink?

MOTHER: Sh! Sh! That's the plumber.



THICKENING THE PLOT

Police Sergeant (to agitated lady whose necklace has been stolen): CAN YOU DESCRIBE THE LOST ARTICLE?

"CERTAINLY, IT'S A PLATINUM DOG COLLAR SET WITH ROSE DIAMONDS,"

"HAS THE DOG A LICENSE?"



APPRECIATION

Satan: YES, WE'RE HAVING THE WHOLE PLACE DONE OVER IN THE MODERN MANNER—
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?

Hard-boiled Sinner: IT LOOKS LIKE HELL TO ME.

A Naval Engagement



OW we read that ice-boats are to be employed by the authorities against the rum-runners of the Detroit River. The ice-boat as a revenue cutter ought to cut some ice. Too long has she been regarded as a mere pleasure craft, with a guarantee to the passenger against *mal de mer*.

A thrilling recreation; the holiday-maker lies down on a plank and covers himself, head and all, with a thick robe of synthetic fur. The jocund skipper hoists the sail, and covers himself up likewise.

Away speeds the gallant ship. Swift and graceful as a bird, she skims the glassy surface till she reaches that part of the bay in which the Filtered Water Ice Co., Inc., is conducting its harvesting operations.

How beautifully she takes the water! No delay, no hitch, no formality; not so much as a bottle of champagne. The onlookers cheer with enthusiasm; they ply their huge tongs briskly, fish out the skipper and his passenger, and place them in safety on the escalator, with the other blocks of ice.

And now that these pleasure craft have been converted into merchantmen carrying contraband, and armed ships of war are issuing from our harbors against them, we may expect any day to hear of a stirring naval encounter.

In an ice-bound cove the smuggler captain and his merry men, beating their arms against their chests, await the signal that the coast is clear. The decks are piled high with cases labeled "Bananas—Fragile—Made in Scotland."

At last! The skipper hoists the sail and breaks out the Demi-jack at the masthead. The motley crew swarms aboard, and the long, low, rakish craft beats up into the wind.

The manoeuvre does not escape the vigilance of the Government cutter "Snowbird." Perched in the crow's nest is the lookout, a reverend official of the Anti-Saloon League. He has his white linen collar turned around and buttoned at the back, to keep out the bitter cold.

"A sail! A sail!" he cries. "Full skate ahead!" roars the intrepid skipper. The chase is afoot.

The heavily laden cargo ship is no match for her nimble pursuer; the outlaw captain desperately orders the crew to jettison the cargo. Too late! The cargo is frozen fast to the decks. "Sink me the ship," he cries, "I will not be taken alive." The ship's carpenter bores auger holes at various points in the deck, but to no avail.

A shot flies across the smuggler's bows. Her skipper hoists the white flag, but the signal of surrender is invisible against a background of snow and ice.

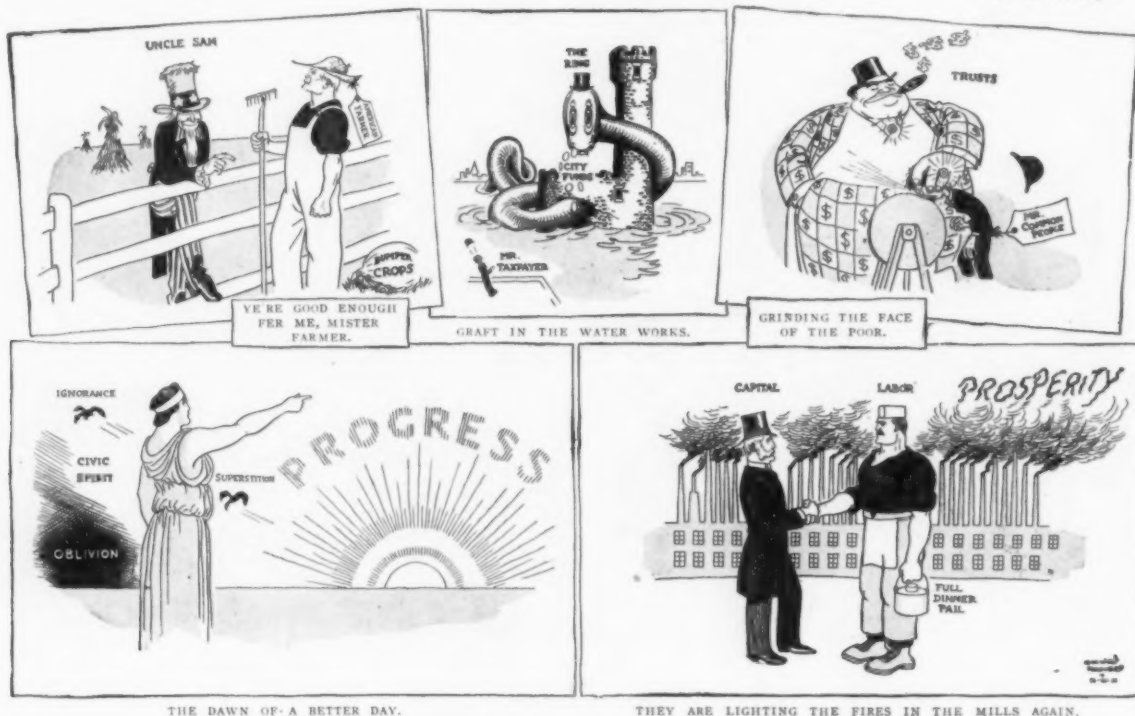
"A double issue of grog all around," cries the skipper to the medical officer. "Quick, here they come."

"Gentlemen," says he, as the minions of the law approach, "I yield to superior numbers. Take—"

"Thanks," answers the captain of the "Snowbird," "we don't care if we do. Keeps out the cold."

Thus does good common sense among individuals tend to minimize the danger of international friction.

H. B. Selwyn.



GOOD ANY CAMPAIGN YEAR

A FEW SUGGESTIONS TO OVERWORKED POLITICAL CARTOONISTS



A BOY WHO NEVER GREW UP

How to Hold a Baby

(Professor Blotter Meets His Nemesis)

SUCH problems as why they put whipped cream on bouillon, or how to fish the cherries out of lemonade, Professor Blotter of Columbia University has met and conquered with comparative ease; but the venerable scientist admitted yesterday that he was floored at last.

"When it comes to holding a baby," said Dr. Blotter, "I am absolutely at sea.

"Do you hold it by the back of the neck?" he muttered to himself, scratching busily at his blueprints. "Do you lift it under the elbows? Do you tuck it under your arm like a football? or grasp it like a bowling ball? or hold it somehow like the Discobolus?" The Professor looked up wearily.

"Do you hoist it to your shoulder and jar it up and down?" he asked. "Do you hold it in one hand and let it chew a finger of your other? Do you apply talcum powder to prevent its skidding? Do you feed it the washcloth and a piece of soap when it starts crying?" The Professor paced the floor.

"And how," he said, turning upon me suddenly, "how would you ever lower it again?"

It is hard for a man of Professor Blotter's age and eminence to swallow defeat.

Corey Ford.



"VY DEY MAK A SOOCHA FUSS ABOUT DEESA GEORGA DA WASH?"

"HAH! GEORGA DA WASH WAS BORN ON A HOLIDAY! DAT MAK A HIM DA GREATA MAN!"



FEBRUARY 21, 1924

VOL. 83. 2155

"While there is Life there's Hope"

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

CHARLES DANA GIBSON, President

LE ROY MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.

598 Madison Avenue, New York

English Offices, Rolls House, Brema's Bldgs., London, E. C.



STIRRING times, these! And very tumbling! Along down the road have crowded in swift succession a series of disturbances, upsetting plans and policies, disconcerting candidates, opening the way for new political issues to take the lead of old ones. Almost as though timed to be a factor in this shifting of fixtures comes the death of Mr. Wilson.

That death is not the end of anything, but rather a culmination of things past which marks the approach of things to come.

The papers have been full of estimates and summings-up of Mr. Wilson—tributes to him, praises of him; some of them interesting; many of them gratifying to his friends. But it is not possible yet to measure what he did in this world. We know that he was an extraordinary master of government on the American plan. We know with what power he led his party, and what legislation he got out of Congress before the war. We know more or less about his course after 1914 and before the United States got into the war, and we know that when it did get in he was a very great war President. We know his vision of what to do when the war was over to certify peace in the world, and how he went to France against the judgment of all his opponents and many of his supporters. We know in a way what he accomplished there and what he failed to accomplish, but not fully, not finally, and it is because the end of his efforts to secure a stable peace for all the world is not yet visible, that the final estimate of Mr. Wilson's accomplishment in office cannot yet be made. When we say, as many do, that he was the greatest man

of his time, or, as a British general does, that he was "the first world citizen this globe had ever seen," or merely, as others do, that he was the greatest President since Lincoln, we only express opinions which will be heartily denied by many contemporaries and contemplated with uncertainty by others.

IT is interesting that he should have held on for four years so much damaged, and died just when his death may make a visible difference in affairs. People have thought more about the state of the world and the duty of the United States in the last three months than they have since the election of 1920. The time is at hand when the opposition that broke Mr. Wilson and rejected his plans comes up again for judgment before the American people. As a great scandal cuts into the roots of the administration that rose on the wreck of Mr. Wilson and his purposes, suddenly he dies, drawing the thoughts of all men to himself, his character, his achievements and his aims. His death turns minds from contemplation of domestic details to the concerns that are vital to civilization. Passing out from visible touch with human affairs he draws the thoughts of all the thoughtful to what he did and what he tried to do; to the consequences of his defeat to Europe and all the world. There is a curious timeliness about it that brings to mind that great picture in Old Testament history—Samson blind and captive, pulling down the Temple on the gathering Philistines.

MR. WILSON had immortality to spare. He will not only be a lasting figure in history, but will keep in human memory several men who except for him would rapidly have passed out of it. Everybody knows Pilate. The

picture of him—the few lines that draw his character—is inefaceable. What has immortalized him is his relation to a man whom, for politics' sake, he sent to death. So one suspects that the picture of Mr. Lodge will survive for very long the crasive power of time, not for his services to his life-long friend a famous President, but from his relation to Mr. Wilson, and his part in exacting the contribution that Mr. Wilson finally paid to the truth that was in him and the cause that he stood for.

Lord Charnwood quotes Colonel Roosevelt as of opinion very early in the war that Mr. Wilson was "an adroit man, a good speaker and writer with a certain amount of ability of just the kind requisite to his party," only "not a man of great intensity of principle or conviction." One must not think any the worse of Mr. Roosevelt for that opinion at that time, but how strange it looks now, and how strange it would look to Mr. Roosevelt himself if he were here to read it! Curiously one takes more interest and, in a certain way, more pleasure just now in the opinions that disparage Mr. Wilson than in those that praise him. "In my eyes," says Lord Charnwood in his Roosevelt book, "his (Wilson's) singular and powerful figure appears an evil figure which it may be right to pity but cannot be right to admire." But the last of men to be pitied is Mr. Wilson. Lord Charnwood, who is not very old yet and seems a just man, will probably live to see it.

SOMEONE who went to see Mr. Wilson not long ago to get him to write something for some periodical, said that he declined, saying that there was no power to write left in him, and that if he had the power he would like to take a few scalps. In a way it recalls Jackson's dying regret that he did not hang Calhoun. Both cases illustrate intensity of purpose still strong in death. Those were men who once they put their hand to the plow could never turn back. They were both pious men, both Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, both depositories of tremendous spiritual power that used and guided political power. Of course the material forces that were subject to Jackson's control were as nothing compared with those that lay under the hand of Mr. Wilson, but the dynamic matter that was in these two remarkable men was much of the same piece.

A GOOD many people have thought they knew Mr. Wilson, and could size him up. There are college presidents, associated with him in problems of education, who have expressed that impression. It seems likely that they were all mistaken. The most illuminating piece about him is Frank Cobb's editorial in the *World* of March 4, 1921, when Mr. Wilson went out of office. One finds him saying:

"Neither Mr. Wilson's friends nor his enemies have ever succeeded in interpreting him or in explaining him, nor can any interpretation or explanation be satisfactory which fails at the outset to recognize in him the simplest and at the same time the most complex character in the greatest drama ever played on the stage of human history."

It is the mystery about him that so wonderfully excites and attracts the mind;—that and another thing that Clemenceau divulged in his whimsical complaint—"but when I talk to Mr. Wilson, it is as though I was speaking to Jesus Christ." These things that fix attention on him are the same things that year after year compel examination and re-examination of Lincoln. The question is ever being asked: How did such a man ever come to be such a man as he was, and think the thoughts and do the deeds he did?

Was Wilson a mystic? Someone says: No! that is not the word. He was a seer. Any word one likes, but when he needed counsel, he took it mainly, as we all know, with himself, turning from the world to that Kingdom of God which we are told is within us, seeking counsel there, and shaping his decisions by what he got.

THE greatest man of any time is the man with the greatest idea, most effectively adhered to. The basis of the im-

mortality that seems to so many spectators to be awaiting Mr. Wilson is the belief that he had the best idea of what the world needed and gave his strength and finally his life to accomplish it. He and his name are tied up to the idea of a League of Nations as a means of abolishing or controlling war on earth by international co-operation to prevent it. The idea persists. The League that Mr. Wilson was the chief force in founding is very useful now in Europe, and the best hope of peace in that continent lies in the development and extension of its usefulness.

"Hundreds of years hence," said General Smuts three years ago, "Wilson's name will be one of the greatest in history." Frank Cobb quoted that opinion at the top of his tribute and at the end he wrote: "Woodrow Wilson on this morning of the fourth of March can say, in the words of Paul the Apostle, to Timothy:

"For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand.

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." E. S. Martin,



SEASONABLE ACTIVITIES



The Spirit Still

1856 — WOODROW WILSON

LIFE ·



t Still Lives

OW WILSON — 1924



Mostly Good

IT is getting a little monotonous, this hailing each week a fresh comedy of American home-life as the best since "The First Year." We wish now that we had saved the "First Year" reference for "The Show-Off."

"The Show-Off" is by the author of "The Torch-Bearers," and this makes George Kelly pretty nearly our favorite American playwright. His new play is not so continuously hilarious as "The Torch-Bearers," but it is a better play. And the way in which everyday small-talk and idioms are strung together, with scarcely a wise crack or a gag-line to lend artificial brilliance, is just about as smooth a piece of work as we ever remember seeing, even from the pen of Mr. Frank Craven.



"THE SHOW-OFF" also adds another to the season's long list of unusual characterizations. *Mr. Aubrey Piper*, as played by Louis John Bartels, is a type so accurately observed and so uncannily brought to life that at times you want to cry through the sheer joy of recognition. We have had nifty boys on the stage before, and we have had slangy, back-slapping four-flushers, but Messrs. Kelly and Bartels have put something into *Aubrey Piper* that awakens something new in you. It is a combination of blood-lust and perverted sympathy which you may not have felt for any one since 1910, or 1903, or even 1898, when you yourself knew an *Aubrey Piper* in the flesh and may or may not have relieved your feelings by pushing his nose in with your thumb. The *Aubrey Piper* of to-day, as depicted by Mr. Bartels, is much more blatant than at any other time in the world-history of *Pipers*, because of the modern influence of the Personality Plus courses and the Go-Getter school of business procedure. His *clichés* (everything is "all washed up and signed on the dotted-line" with this "bimbo from North Philly") are more vivid, and his opportunities for Big Talk are enhanced a thousandfold with the advent of the automobile and the wonders of modern science. His cheery hailing of his mother-in-law as "Little Mother" and "Mother Fisher" alone would mark him as a great creation.



THE support, or rather, opposition given Mr. Bartels by his "Little Mother" (Helen Lowell) is equally splendid, and Juliette Crosby and Regina Wallace are both finely veracious in their portrayal of the pitifully gypped sisters in matrimony. We note on the program that Mr.

Kelly directed the show as well as wrote it. Now we are sure that he is the White Hope of American comedy, for better direction we have seldom seen.



IT looks as if the O'Neill-MacGowan-Jones combination down at the Provincetown Theatre had struck on something both valuable and popular in their revival of "Fashion," the first comedy written by an American woman, and dated 1845. It ought to be popular, because every one loves to sit back and laugh in a superior manner at what he knows to be bad. In fact, the only drawback to the performance for us was the determined attitude on the part of the audience to laugh at the things that one really ought to laugh at in this day of sophisticated drama. (Cf. "Abie's Irish Rose.")

But "Fashion" is really a gem. It has been produced just as it was in 1845, with chairs painted on the back-drop of "the Splendid Drawing Room in the House of Mrs. Tiffany," and physiological-looking flora of one dimension in "the Interior of a Beautiful Conservatory." There are the shouted asides and the carefully plotted exit-lines, the heroic speeches about the essential sin of city folk and the equally essential virtue of the honest rustic (strangely familiar in import to modern theatregoers), and several delightful songs of the period, which Deems Taylor and Brian Hooker have dug up and inserted with appropriate song-cues. In fact, there is everything.

It is a long trip down to the Provincetown Theatre, but "Fashion" is worth it if you like to feel superior. It is worth it anyway.



THE two new musical shows, "Lollipop" and "Moonlight," fall into the class of Yes-and-No. "Moonlight" has the advantage of possessing a song or dance by Con Conrad for every ten lines of dialogue, and is a very musical version of William Le Baron's farce, "I Love You." You don't have to see it unless you want to.

"Lollipop" has the advantage of Ada May (she that was Ada May Weeks), the acrobatic dancing of Nick Long, Jr., and a most remarkable number in which the entire chorus, for no reason at all, appear on the porch of a Long Island home dressed as Greek somethings with white plumes and execute a solemn ballet, disappearing again shrouded in mystery. The popular explanation was that they were the chorus of a neighboring show who had walked on the stage of the Knickerbocker by mistake and, discovering their error, walked off again.

Robert C. Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Beggar on Horseback. *Broadhurst*—To be reviewed next week.

Cyrano de Bergerac. *National*—A grand play, revived in grand fashion by Walter Hampden.

Hell-Bent for Heaven. *Frazee*—Something new in character studies. Unusually interesting and well done.

Hurricane. *Frolic*—Petrova and Worse than Death.

In the Next Room. *Vanderbilt*—Satisfying murder mystery.

The Lady. *Empire*—Mary Nash in old-fashioned buckeye, still with a kick in it.

Laugh, Clown, Laugh! *Belasco*—The story of the clown with the breaking heart, enhanced by Lionel Barrymore.

The Living Mask. *Forty-Fourth Street*—A discussion of insanity, with occasional dramatic effects.

The Miracle. *Century*—Incomparable with anything we have ever seen in the theatre.

Mister Pitt. *Thirty-Ninth Street*—Tremendously appealing characterization of the native Poor Fish.

Moscow Art Theatre. *Fifty-Ninth Street*—Last week (possibly) of Russia's famous dramatic emissaries.

The New Englander. *Forty-Eighth Street*—To be reviewed next week.

Outward Bound. *Ritz*—A play you should not miss if you are interested in anything at all.

Rain. *Maxine Elliott's*—Jeanne Eagels in a remarkable philippic against specialized morality.

Saint Joan. *Garrick*—Shaw's lengthy but stimulating views on the Maid of Orleans. Winifred Lenihan in the title rôle.

Seventh Heaven. *Booth*—Helen Menken acting.

Sun-Up. *Princess*—An honest approach to patriotism through the backwoods of the South.

Tarnish. *Belmont*—Highly satisfactory American play of Man's essential weakness.

The Way Things Happen. *Lycium*—One or two scenes played by Katharine Cornell making something different out of an indifferent story.

White Cargo. *Daly's*—Showing what happens to white men who pick out the coast of Africa as a place to live in.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—Answer to J. M. B.'s query: No, this was not written by Sir James Barrie.

Fashion. *Provincetown*—Reviewed in this issue.

For All of Us. *Ambassador*—William Hodge as the Bearer of the Good News.

The Goose Hangs High. *Bijou*—The American family put into a genial treatise on the Younger Generation.

Gypsy Jim. *Forty-Ninth Street*—Leo Carrillo in one of those things with a Message.

Meet the Wife. *Klaw*—The usual complications when a missing husband returns to confront his successor. Mary Boland works very hard.

The Merry Wives of Gotham. *Henry Miller's*—Grace George and Laura Hope Crews charming in a mildly amusing play of old New York.

The Nervous Wreck. *Sam H. Harris*—A loud but funny farce, with Otto Kruger and June Walker.

The Other Rose. *Morosco*—Fay Bainter and Henry Hull in a little play.

The Potters. *Plymouth*—A mercilessly amusing photograph of middle-class home-life in this country.

The Show-Off. *Playhouse*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Song and Dance Man. *Hudson*—A splendid bit of acting by George M. Cohan.

Spring Cleaning. *Eltinge*—Fairly raw but very smart, helped along by a cast which includes Estelle Winwood, Violet Heming, Arthur Byron and A. E. Mathews.

The Swan. *Cort*—Eva Le Gallienne in one of the season's best.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Artists and Models. *Shubert*—Easily omitted from any list.

Charlot's London Revue. *Times Square*—Our idea of what a revue should be.

Kid Boots. *Earl Carroll*—Eddie Cantor in a show which gives him a splendid chance.

Little Jessie James. *Little*—You'll recognize one tune, anyway.

Lollipop. *Knickerbocker*—Reviewed in this issue.

Mary Jane McKane. *Imperial*—Tuneful and pleasing, with Mary Hay and Hal Skelley.

Moonlight. *Longacre*—Reviewed in this issue.

Mr. Battling Buttler. *Selwyn*—One of the great class of Pretty Good.

Music Box Revue. *Music Box*—Elaborate setting for Irving Berlin's music and Frank Tinney.

One Kiss. *Fulton*—From ze French, with Jack Hazzard and Ada Lewis.

Poppy. *Apollo*—Madge Kennedy, W. C. Fields and Luella Gear making a good show better.

The Rise of Rosie O'Reilly. *Liberty*—Cohan kidding.

Runnin' Wild. *Colonial*—The best, and only, Negro show in town.

Stepping Stones. *Globe*—Fred Stone and family in a family show.

Sweet Little Devil. *Astor*—Constance Binney very cute.

Topics of 1923. *Winter Garden*—Part good, part bad—and Delysia.

Wildflower. *Casino*—Music that hasn't been touched this season.

Ziegfeld Follies. *New Amsterdam*—Of course, there's always Fannie Brice.



GEORGE M. COHAN IN "THE SONG AND DANCE MAN"



Husband: THAT DRESS SHOWS YOUR BACK CLEAR DOWN TO YOUR WAIST.

Wife: WELL, THAT'S WHERE MY BACK STOPS.

Official Figures

OFFICIAL Figures are the most ponderous entities of the Government. They issue from the Capitol every day to contradict the unofficial mind. But they return every so often to change their face value.

Official Figures bulk large. The larger they are the more zeros they possess. But no one thinks of that, because of the dollar sign which invests them. If it were not for the dollar sign they would have no being.

Official Figures are correct—correct to the dot. We can count on their being exactly what they are despite the efforts of the Woolen Trust to make them seem otherwise. Clothed as they are with majesty and power, they nevertheless look blank unless one knows what is behind their exterior.

Official Figures are the presiding geniuses of meetings. They are most at home when the budget is made up. They do not lisp in numbers; they speak right out. Then they rush to print. They cannot lie quietly; they must assert loudly.

We could not do without Official Figures. They prove to us the blessings of a Protective Tariff. Without them the newspapers would lack eye-arresting headlines; the Senate would languish for want of argument, and the *Congressional Record* would suspend publication.

J. Milnor Dorey.

Rus in Urbe

IT'S ridiculous to say that New Yorkers have no home life. It's true that the New Yorker is born in a hospital, plays on the streets, gets married in a church, has his wedding breakfast in a Fifth Avenue hotel, takes his relaxation in the movie theatres and at the six-day bicycle race, and is, finally, buried from a Broadway funeral church.

But at the same time it must be remembered that thousands and thousands of New Yorkers go home every day to get their mail.

SHE: I have heard that you are a fortune hunter.

HE: Well, not exactly...but if you have one I should be glad to consider it.



THE AUTHOR OF A SUCCESSFUL PLAY DISCOVERS
HIS NAME IN PRINT.



The Cursed One Hundred Thousand

Souder Pours Some Oil on Troubled Waters

WASHINGTON, February 19.—I have always been peculiarly susceptible to the law of coincidence. If my wife happens to remark at dinner that Cousin Lou Wigler has got herself married at last, I am almost certain within a day or two, even if I have never heard of Cousin Lou before, to read in the papers that somebody by the name of Wigler has passed a bad check, or been traded by the Red Sox, or fallen six stories, badly injuring a passerby.

Thus it is

that since the Senate investigation committees sprang into national prominence, I never open a newspaper without a certain feeling of anxiety, which always proves well founded. For almost without fail I find such headlines staring me in the face as, "Human Skull Found, 100,000 Years Old," "100,000 Idle in Roumania; Unemployment Feared," and "Postcard Travels 100,000 Miles Before Reaching Sender."

Ever since the figure 100,000 became identified with teapots and peace plans it has reacted unpleasantly on the Senatorial mind. To us it is identified with trouble.

The more sensitive

of my colleagues resort to the most elaborate circumlocutions to avoid mentioning it in debate. They speak of "tenths of a million," "ten ten-thousands," and so on. A heated bitter-ender who let the unhappy figure fall from his lips quickly had it expunged from the records.

It is, of course, unnecessary to explain why the figure has become taboo in the halls of the Capitol. Since 1919 the Senate has considered world peace as its special right and prerogative, a useful issue with which to enliven dull hours, perhaps even one to hang a campaign upon; a possession to be guarded jealously at all times and under no circumstances to be disseminated abroad.

Mr. Bok's peace award,

therefore, can only be considered as a deliberate affront and infringement. Supposing, for the worst, that his plan should find great popular support, and should actually achieve its end. The Senate would be robbed of its Peace, and the more prominent isolationists would find themselves isolated in a sense they never intended.

As for the other \$100,000—well, naturally the Senate views the Teapot Dome scandal with as much repugnance as the rest of the country views it. Indeed, I share to the fullest the sentiments of those optimistic souls who believe that general disgust with the miserable mess will result in a thorough cleansing of the political conscience in America.

Take myself.

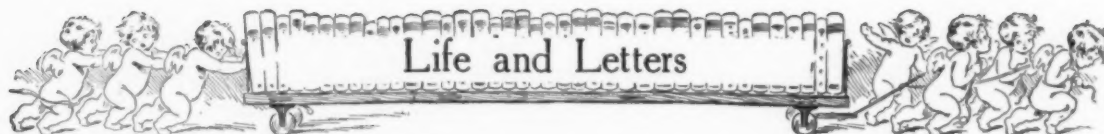
No more upright man, as I have repeatedly stated in the press and on the platform, has ever sacrificed himself on the altar of public service, yet, already caught up in the swirl of 100% uprightness, I find myself asking, absurdly enough, I admit, whether after all it is so very much worse to do a thing for the number of dollars in it than for the number of votes in it. I have been asking myself whether I, too, am not betraying a trust if for the sake of partisan advantage I obstruct a measure which I know to be of benefit to the nation; or if, to further my personal political ambitions, I support a measure that is unsound.

Lest you think me too visionary, I will add that I dismissed the notions almost as soon as they entered my mind. Though taking the lid off the Teapot will probably prove of a certain benefit, there is no danger that our political housecleaning will be carried to absurd extremes. For obviously, if trafficking in votes became as reprehensible as trafficking in dollars, Congress would have to spend all its time investigating itself.

Souder.



THE SENATE COMMITTEE COMPLETES THE AMERICANIZATION OF EDWARD BOK



"RICEYMAN STEPS," by Arnold Bennett (Doran), is a magnificent literary performance. Over a narrative interest so meagre that the simplest of declarative sentences would outline it, the author weaves the spell which we have learned, more and more, to expect from him, even though such an unfortunate instance as "Lilian" caused faith to falter in some of us. This time he gets a glowing blaze from the embers of life. The tale he tells covers one year in the history of two misers, residents of a God-forsaken London neighborhood, and *Elsie*, their drudge. It doesn't sound tempting, but the magic of Mr. Bennett's method transforms it. And the result gives that fine sense of satisfaction which the knowing reader feels—and oh, how rarely!—when he realizes that at last another work of art has been vouchsafed him.

ANOTHER Doran book, which has caused a stir in New York because of the popularity and bravery of its author, is Nellie Revell's "Right Off the Chest," for which Irvin Cobb has written a splendid introduction. Miss Revell, long known to the journalistic and theatrical world as "a damned good newspaper man," injured her spine five years ago and has spent the intervening time in a plaster cast in St. Vincent's Hospital. This book is a record of her experience there, told, as she says, "with the snicker side out." In it Miss Revell makes the astonishing assertion that her back has been photographed more than Kitty Gordon's, and after reading about some of the treatments she underwent the reader can easily believe it. The chapter on these treatments is entitled, "And the Patient Lived." "Right Off the Chest" contains one plaintive interrogation which ought to get almost everybody:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to his sick friend said,
'If you'd *only* try my doctor!'"

"THE MASCOT BOOK," by Elizabeth Villiers (Stokes), is something which should be in the home of

which, it seems to me, every young girl ought to know is the means of telling whether or not a suitor is favorably inclined. It's the simplest thing in the world—as most gypsy formulae are. Merely make a circle of seven beans on a path along which he will walk. Then watch for him. If he steps on the beans—and they can be covered with earth, if you like—all well and good. But if he detours, don't waste any more time.

In case you are dashing off to a bridge or poker game this evening before you have time to get "The Mascot Book," it might be a good idea for you to get a badger's tooth and take it along to the party. And if you can manage to wear it on the left side, your luck will be even better.

ROSE MACAULAY'S "Told by an Idiot," reviewed enthusiastically in this department a few weeks ago, has now been published in this country by Boni & Liveright. And Marie Corelli, in "Love—and the Philosopher" (Doran), has written a simple love story, with a foreword which brands it as 100% pure. The author states that she has made it simple on purpose, that it has no abnormal or neurotic episodes, and contains sentiment common to quiet English homes "where a girl may live her life as innocent of evil as a rose."

Well, at least it's a change. But inasmuch as it was the first Corelli book I ever read, it was also quite a blow.

A WORD in conclusion for the Broadway Translations, which E. P. Dutton and Co. are putting out. Two at hand are "French Comedies of the XVIIIth Century" and "Cyrano de Bergerac—Voyages to the Moon and Sun." Both have introductions and notes, and are translated by Richard Aldington. Diana Warwick.



every superstitious person. If there are no superstitious persons in the audience, perhaps there are a few egoists, and they may be interested to learn that this volume, aside from an alphabetical listing of the history and significance of various and assorted talismans, contains an outline of the zodiac which will refresh them on their temperamental make-up and awake their curiosity about the birthdates of their nearest acquaintances.

One thing in "The Mascot Book"

Life Lines

THE officials who negotiated the Teapot Dome lease evidently think that the slogan should read: "Join the Navy and Own the World."

•••

The bigger they are the harder they fall.

•••

"Women pay little attention to spring styles," says a fashion expert. Probably because everything goes in one year and out the other.

•••

After an exhaustive inquiry, the Senate investigating committee has revealed the fact that Edward Bok was once editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

•••

A coronation is what they give to a ruler nowadays before they crown him.

•••

J. H. Thomas, English Labor leader, says that the Prince of Wales is not a bit apprehensive over the radical change in the Government. The Prince doesn't care what happens—as long as nothing cuts in on his traveling.

•••

Now that the Princeton faculty has chosen "loyalty" as the most important word in the language, they might at least award a consolation prize to "scofflaw."

•••

U. S. A.—Undaunted Scofflaws of America.

George Was an Unusual Fellow

AFTER all, you can't help admiring George Washington. He was original enough to think of something different to do after the stockings were hung on Christmas Eve, if it was only to row across the Delaware River in costume.

Even as a boy he had a way with him. He found a use for a toy hatchet, a record which has stood from that day to this. But his achievement of distinction came late in his career.

He made a farewell address and stuck to it. *McC. H.*

Marketable Value

EDITOR: I'll give you a dollar for this joke.

JOKESMITH: I've got two everywhere I sold it before.



"HONEST, MAYME, WOULDN'TCHA THINK A FELLA THAT HAD CLIMBED FROM OFFICE BOY TO GENERAL MANAGER COULD CLIMB ONTA A LITTLE HOSS?"

The New Dipsomania

("Intoxication may be produced by drinking excessive quantities of water."
—Current Opinion.)

HARTERS stirred his coffee and frowned across the table at Dubois. "I haven't seen Chesterson lately. Is he at it again?"

"My dear fellow, haven't you heard? He's in a deplorable condition."

Harters looked depressed. "Is he indulging excessively?"

"I fear the worst. They found him lying unconscious beneath the water faucet in the kitchen the other day, and

now they don't dare let him go near the bath tub."

"Too bad."

"And they say the habit has so grown on him that he even tried to drown himself."

Both shed tears.

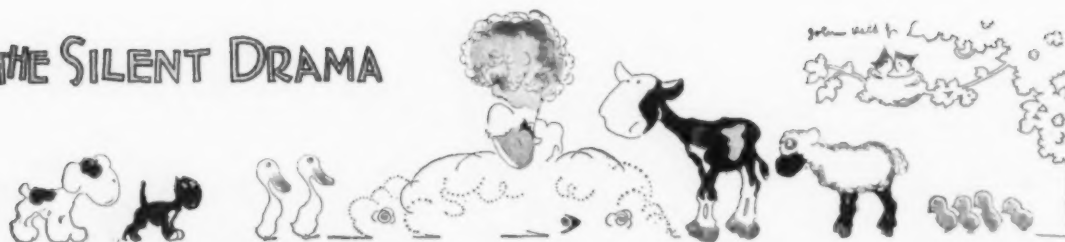
CONGRESS—the only comedy on the American stage that keeps on running after it flops.



He: HOW WAS THE BATHING DOWN AT PALM BEACH?

She: HARDLY A PLACE TO SIT.

THE SILENT DRAMA



"Fashion Row"

A LITTLE Mae Murray now and then is relished by the best of men; at the same time, as Mr. Bartlett has observed, a little goes a long way.

Take, for instance, Miss Murray's latest production, "Fashion Row." If you have seen none of her pictures before, her gyrations and her muscular upheavals will surprise, fascinate, bewilder, irritate and bore you (in the order named). She will engage your curiosity at the start, but when she gets to the point where she throws her left hip in your face, you will begin to wonder if you wouldn't be better off at some nice, quiet burlesque show.

There are two Mae Murrays in "Fashion Row"—one being the regular knock-about, catch-as-catch-can variety, and the other a singularly repressed, appealing, sympathetic character. In the latter half of her dual rôle, Miss Murray proves that she knows how to step on the soft pedal and achieve a tone somewhat more soothing than her usual strident discords.

"The Marriage Circle"

IT is strange that delicacy, subtlety and finesse—qualities which are usually associated with our gallant Gallic allies—should be introduced to the screen by a German. And yet, in "The Marriage Circle," Ernst Lubitsch has provided the first gracefully light comedy that the movies have known.

You can see "The Marriage Circle" once, or, if you feel about it as I do, you can see it several times—and you will find no faulty detail in it, no instance of bad taste, no scene or situation which could have been developed with greater skill.

Mr. Lubitsch, working in Hollywood with American actors and American technical experts, has told the story of two married couples who become entangled with each other in a series of mechanical complications. It is the

sort of plot which, in the hands of any one else, would require a vast number of heavily explanatory sub-titles. But Lubitsch, because of his pictorial instinct, has managed to get along very nicely without excessive words.

In acting, "The Marriage Circle" is most fortunate. Mr. Lubitsch has endowed his players with a regard for naturalism and simplicity, and there are no emotional calisthenics at any point. Florence Vidor, Monte Blue, Marie Prevost, Adolphe Menjou and Creighton Hale carry the entire burden of the performance, and they do it with no perceptible strain.

"THE MARRIAGE CIRCLE" inspires me with the hope that Ernst

Lubitsch will turn his attention to "The Importance of Being Earnest," "Lady Windermere's Fan," "The Show Shop" and various French comedies which I should be able to mention if I had traveled as widely as George Jean Nathan.

"Pied Piper Malone"

THERE is a popular conception among the six readers of this department that its editor is a crusty, surly, silvery-bearded old fellow who is afflicted with dyspepsia, palsy and astigmatism. I have always done my level best to foster this belief, in the hope that my fatuous, maudlin sentimentality might escape detection.

It seems to be a futile task, in view of the number of Jackie Coogan pictures that appear each year. Nor is young Master Coogan the only one who can break through the granite surface and discover the warm stratum of Victorian lava beneath; my hidden weakness has lately been bared by "Big Brother" and by "Pied Piper Malone."

The situation in "Pied Piper Malone" which melted the critical glacier is this: Thomas Meighan, appearing as a venturesome young sailor in a seacoast town, is falsely branded by his bigoted brethren and banished from his native community. He packs his grip and goes—and as he leaves, every child in the place falls into line and follows him out. These children are the only citizens of the town who are qualified to understand him.

It is the familiar story of Hamelin, revised by Booth Tarkington, and played by Mr. Meighan with all his intense feeling, and it has a quality of wistfulness that was too strong for at least one of its beholders.

You may observe "Pied Piper Malone" and be violently dissatisfied with it. If so, don't be too hard on me. Remember that even Achilles had trouble with his heel.

Robert E. Sherwood.



MAE MURRAY IN "FASHION ROW"



Try them first for your "Critical Hour"
soon you'll smoke them *exclusively*



*Try them tonight
for your Luxury Hour*

—that easy chair hour
when every man feels
entitled to life's best

PALL MALL *Specials*
New size—plain ends only
20 for 30¢

No change in size or price
of PALL MALL *Regulars*
[cork tip]

We invite men to try the new Pall Mall
Specials when they are in a mood to
expect and demand the best — after
dinner, when the day's work has whet-
ted the appetite for life's better things.
That's the severe test for any ciga-
rette; it's the test Pall Mall Specials
earnestly welcome. Once you have revel-
ed in the thrill of these fine oriental
cigarettes in your *Luxury Hour*—you'll
smoke them in every smoke-hour.



20 for 30¢

WEST OF THE ROCKIES 20 for 35¢



AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

Her Future Occupation

A visitor said to a little girl, "And what will you do, my dear, when you are as big as your mother?"

"Diet," said the modern child.

—*Tit-Bits (London).*

More Difficult

"He went through a fortune in less than two years."

"That so? He'll find it difficult to go through his poverty that fast."

—*Detroit Free Press.*

LANDLORD: I hear you are kicking about the flies in your room.

ROOMER: Oh, no, I was just knocking them around with my hand.

—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

OVERHEARD: "The wife and I moved yesterday and to-day I can't."

—*Topeka Capital.*



THE OUTLOOK

"THE BARS WILL BE CLOSED NEXT.
IF THIS GOES ON, WE'LL END BY
HAVING TO SPEND THE NIGHT IN
BED."

—*Jugend (Munich).*

No Enthusiast

In the Courthouse of an Eastern city is a melancholy attendant who, when asked to direct people to the bureau of marriage licenses, inquires lugubriously:

"Do you insist?"

"Well, yes."

"Third door to the right."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Such a Delicate Instrument

The little girl, with childlike frankness, was talking family affairs at the neighbor's. "Mamma wouldn't pay the telephone bill," she said, "and Papa wouldn't pay it, and so now the phone is out of order."—*Boston Transcript.*

The Telephone Rings

"Hello."

"Hello, is Boo there?"

"Boo who?"

"Don't cry, little girl, I guess I have the wrong number."

—*Indianapolis News.*

THE week's most appalling thought, picked from a Wisconsin newspaper: "Alleged moonshine."—*Detroit News.*

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.60 a year; to Canada, 80 cents. Back numbers cannot be supplied.

The text and illustrations in LIFE are copyrighted. For Reprint Rights in Great Britain apply to LIFE, Rolls House, Breams Buildings, Fetter Lane, London, E. C., England.

The foreign trade supplied from LIFE's London Office, Rolls House, Breams Buildings, London, E. C. Canadian distributor, The American News Company, Ltd., 386-388 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.

No contributions will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. LIFE does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited contributions.

Notice of change of address should reach this office two weeks prior to the date of issue to be effected.

Maillard

NEW YORK



All
good stores

MENTHE MELANGE

Mixture 15 Mints
Delightfully Refreshing



Wetzel

Established 1874

2 and 4 E. Forty-Fourth Street
NEW YORK



WETZEL are tailors for men desiring to be groomed correctly in every detail—it has ever been their privilege to serve a distinguished clientele.

©1924. WETZEL

The Whirl of Society (In the Russian Manner)

CHARACTERS: *Three very bored, very weary, very "smart" young women, all puffing cigarettes.*

FIRST YOUNG WOMAN
Another day of misery.

SECOND YOUNG WOMAN
Another day of woe.

THIRD YOUNG WOMAN
Another day of anguish.

FIRST YOUNG WOMAN
The same people.

SECOND YOUNG WOMAN
The same faces.

THIRD YOUNG WOMAN
The same everything.

FIRST YOUNG WOMAN
What can we do?

SECOND YOUNG WOMAN
We must go on.

THIRD YOUNG WOMAN
We must go out.

FIRST YOUNG WOMAN
Tea at the Dumbledons'.

ALL (wailing)
Oh! Oh! Oh!

SECOND YOUNG WOMAN
Bridge at the Dullingworths'.

ALL (moaning)
Oo! Oo! Oo!

THIRD YOUNG WOMAN
Mah Jong at the Sapplesythes'.

ALL (sobbing)
Ow! Ow! Ow!

FIRST YOUNG WOMAN
Dinner at the Tinklebys'.

ALL (squealing)
Ouch! Ouch! Ouch!

SECOND YOUNG WOMAN
It's too much to bear.

THIRD YOUNG WOMAN
It's more than too much.

FIRST YOUNG WOMAN
It's terrifying.

SECOND YOUNG WOMAN
But, of course, we'll all go.

THIRD YOUNG WOMAN
Of course.

FIRST YOUNG WOMAN
We always do.

SECOND YOUNG WOMAN
We always have.

THIRD YOUNG WOMAN
We always will.

FIRST YOUNG WOMAN
The same old crowd.

SECOND YOUNG WOMAN
The same old gossip.

THIRD YOUNG WOMAN
The same old everything.

FIRST YOUNG WOMAN
Oh, for something new!

SECOND YOUNG WOMAN
Oh, for anything new!

THIRD YOUNG WOMAN
Will it never end?

C. G. S.

EVERY boy knows that snow is good
for nothing except to throw away.

FACTS ABOUT A FAMOUS FAMILY



The family's home

NATURALLY when you purchase a motor car you ask, "How permanent is the company which manufactures it?"

Buick, Cadillac, Chevrolet, Oldsmobile, Oakland, and GMC Trucks are built by companies strong in themselves, with long records of continuous service. But back of them are the resources of the General Motors family to which they belong. Of these resources the General Motors Building in Detroit is a symbol—the largest building of its kind in the world.

GENERAL MOTORS

BUICK • CADILLAC • CHEVROLET • OLDSMOBILE
OAKLAND • GMC TRUCKS

Perhaps you won't like Reedsdale Cigarettes

We think it nonsensical to talk about "the best" cigarette. There never was any one best cigarette, and we don't expect that there ever will be.

Probably, tastes in tobacco have differed ever since the Indians first began smoking, or at least ever since one Pipe-in-the-Face chanced upon some leaves a little different from those to which all his fellow braves had previously pinned their faith.

So the Reedsdale Cigarette isn't announced with any large and all-inclusive claims. Nor shall we imply that smokers who do not like Reedsdales are deficient in taste, perspicacity, or intelligence.



The cigarette that you like best is certainly the best cigarette for you, and we see no reason why you should be uncomfortable in your preference, though it may be for the least expensive or the least pretentious of all brands.

The Reedsdale Cigarette is not presented to alienate the affections of those happily cigarette-wedded. Rather it is offered to the shifting on-and-off smoker who hasn't yet found the cigarette made for him.

It is a little different; it is made of the choicer tobaccos, expertly blended; it is packed in a new and improved pocket container; it is liked by many smokers of sophisticated taste.

There is more than an even chance of your liking the Reedsdale, and, if you are not entirely satisfied with your present brand, or its package, we think you will find it worth a trial.



Reedsdale Cigarettes are 20c for a package of twenty. They are now sold by many tobacco dealers, and their distribution is being rapidly extended.

If you have any difficulty in finding them, we will send you a carton of 5 packages of Reedsdale Cigarettes (100 cigarettes) postpaid for a dollar. Smoke one package at our risk. If you don't like them we will return your dollar for the four remaining packages. Address Reed Tobacco Co., 109 South 21st St., Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Reedsdale Cigarettes, Reed Tobacco Company, Richmond, Va., will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a carton containing one hundred or two hundred Reedsdale Cigarettes for the same price you would pay the jobber.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Memo.

A young man whose gallantry was in excess of his pecuniary means sought to save the money required for the purchase of expensive flowers by arranging with a gardener to let him have a bouquet from time to time in return for his cast-off clothes.

One day he received a bunch of roses, which he at once dispatched to his lady-love. In sure anticipation of a friendly welcome, he called at the girl's house the same evening, and was not a little surprised at a frosty reception.

After a pause the girl remarked, frigidly, "You sent me a note to-day." "A note! I? To be sure, I sent you flowers; but—"

"And this note was with the bouquet. Do you mean to deny it?"

And the young man read, "Don't forget the old trousers you promised me the other day."—*Tit-Bits (London).*

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Revived

Two Scots were staying in a London hotel for the first time in their lives. When they had been shown to their bedroom, one of the visitors discovered that there was no soap in his dish, so he rang the bell and a chambermaid quickly appeared.

"Ye micht bring up a wee bittie o' sape," requested the Scot. The girl looked at the guest in open-mouthed bewilderment, unable to understand a word he said.

"Dom it, lassie," thundered the irritated gentleman from the North, "can ye no' understand plain Scotch?"

The maid gave a sigh of relief and departed, to return in a few moments with a bottle and two glasses.

—*Sporting and Dramatic News.*

So It Goes

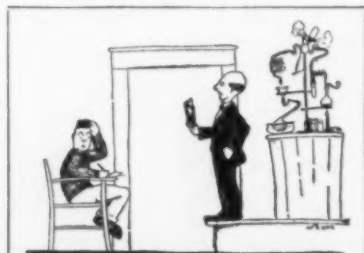
"You say he has no resources?"

"No resources."

"What's the answer?"

"Racehorses."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*



"AND FOR TO-MORROW, YOU WILL
-TAKE ARSENIC AND FINISH THE
CHAPTER."

—*Ohio State Sun Dial.*



Time to Re-tire?
Buy
FISK

Sure Relief

BELL-ANS
FOR
INDIGESTION
25 CENTS

6 BELL-ANS
Hot water
Sure Relief

BELL-ANS
FOR INDIGESTION
25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE



Is it fun to shave father yes
I wallace father answered
it is jolly listen to me laugh
ha ha ha just then father
dropped his shaving tube
cap down the sink but he
didn't laugh

Williams
Shaving Cream

The only shaving cream
with a cap that CAN'T
come off

Duveen Brothers

PAINTINGS
PORCELAINS
TAPESTRIES
OBJETS D'ART

New York

Paris

The World Changes

THE request of a New York State judge to have \$1,500 lopped off his salary because he doesn't think his services are worth as much as he is paid is perhaps the forerunner of a flood of frankness which will sweep over the country. So we need not be surprised at any of the following announcements in the near future:

Senator Magnus Johnson has resigned from the Senate and gone back to the farm. He says he had rather milk his cows than milk the public for a salary he does not earn.

Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., announces the opening of his new revue, "Patent Leathers." Mr. Ziegfeld believes that this is the poorest of the productions that he has sponsored, and therefore has fixed \$1.00 as the top price for orchestra seats. It is worth no more.

President Coolidge wishes to inform the public that he would be less reticent except for the fact that he is afraid he will spill the beans by speaking.

Secretary Hughes denies the rumor he is going to have his beard bobbed.



The Manor

Albemarle Park
Asheville, N.C.

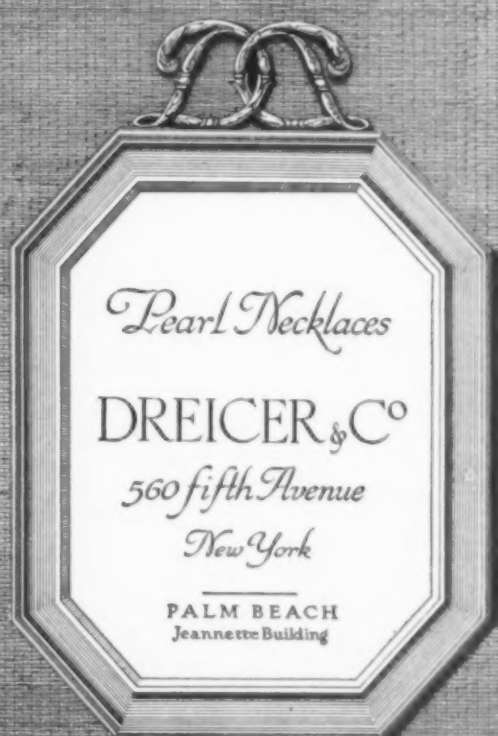
A "perfectly charming" English Inn, in the glorious Land of the Sky. Southern hospitality, perfect service, concentrated comfort. Open all year.

Perfect Golf in a Perfect Climate

Write for Booklet "L"

Albert H. Malone, Manager

In America—An English Inn




Pearl Necklaces

DREICER & C^o

560 Fifth Avenue

New York

PALM BEACH
Jeannette Building



"A Secretary of State has to have something to hide behind," he says.

William Jennings Bryan has indorsed an unknown candidate for the Democratic nomination. "I'll show them," he remarked vindictively when questioned about it, "that they could do a lot worse than choose me for the—goodness, how many times would this make, anyway?" T. H. L.

Why Pierrot Wept

In the moonlit garden, under the rosebush, Pierrot sat plaintively strumming his guitar and singing little snatches of sorrowful verse. Near by the nightingales chirruped in concert, and even the rosebush seemed strangely touched. Then suddenly the music ceased and, thrusting aside his guitar, Pierrot wept as though his heart would break. Poor, unhappy clown! He could bear it no

longer. For, that very evening, fickle Columbine had told him she was going to marry Harlequin. Harlequin, of all people!

No wonder Pierrot wept. For Harlequin was his best friend, and oh, how deeply he sympathized with him!

TO EUROPE—

LONDON, NAPLES, ROME, PARIS,
FLORENCE, POMPEII, VERSAILLES,
French and American Battlefields

30 to 80 days of delightful travel. An unusual opportunity for you to see, at moderate cost, all that the Old World offers. For as little as \$425. This sum includes all traveling, living and ordinary sightseeing expenses. Longer tours up to \$1100. Gates Tours are planned by skilled experts with over 30 years of successful experience in giving their patrons comfort and convenience combined with economy. Write today for booklet N-4. Sailings from May to September with a range of tours from 30 to 80 days.

GATES TOURS—Founded 1892
"World Travel at Moderate Cost"
225 Fifth Avenue, New York
London Paris Rome

The dread Pyorrhea begins with bleeding gums

PYORRHEA'S infecting germs cause many ills. Medical science has proved this.

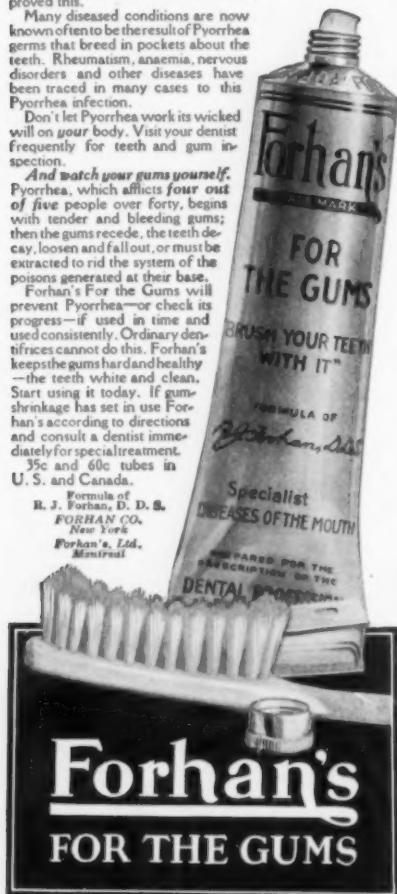
Many diseased conditions are now known often to be the result of Pyorrhea germs that breed in pockets about the teeth. Rheumatism, anaemia, nervous disorders and other diseases have been traced in many cases to this Pyorrhea infection.

Don't let Pyorrhea work its wicked will on *your* body. Visit your dentist frequently for teeth and gum inspection.

And watch your gums yourself. Pyorrhea, which afflicts four out of five people over forty, begins with tender and bleeding gums; then the gums recede, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the poisons generated at their base.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums hard and healthy—the teeth white and clean. Start using it today. If gum-shrinkage has set in use Forhan's according to directions and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment. 35c and 60c tubes in U. S. and Canada.

Formula of
R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
FORHAN CO.
New York
Forhan's, Ltd.
Montreal



Free Dog Book

by noted specialist. Tells how to
FEED AND TRAIN
your dog
KEEP HIM HEALTHY

CURE DOG DISEASES
How to put dog in condition, kill
fleas, cure scratching, mange, dis-
temper. Gives twenty-five famous

Q-W DOG REMEDIES

and 150 illustrations of dogs, leads, training collars,
harness, stripping combs, dog houses, etc. Mailed free.

Q-W LABORATORIES
Dept. 19 Bound Brook, New Jersey

Relief for Coughs

Use **PISO'S**—this prescription quickly
relieves children and adults.
A pleasant syrup. No opiates.
35¢ and 60¢ sizes
sold everywhere

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

Unwritten Correspondence of George Washington

If the late Father of His Country was really as unable to tell a lie as the histories say he said he was, think what letters he might have written if he had grown up to be an editor—

DEAR MR. HACK:

I am returning herewith the manuscript you were thoughtless enough to submit to me. Please understand that rejection does not necessarily imply a lack of literary merit. In this particular case, it implies a lack of any merit at all; briefly, your stuff is terrible. No doubt there are other publications that could use it, but I can't imagine it.

Yours, if it means anything, truly,

G. WASHINGTON.

* * *

Or a Movie Star—

MADAM, OR PERHAPS, MISS:

I have your uninteresting note, and it will make me very unhappy indeed to send you one of my photographs. Of course, it would be idle to deny that I am good-looking, and probably the most popular and talented of the screen artists, but even so, such questions as my favorite colors, what I like for breakfast, and whether or not I am married are my own business.

Hoping you will mind yours,

GEORGES WASHINGTON.

* * *

Or a Big Business Man—

SIR:

Yours recd. and contents noted. In reply would have my assistant say that it will be impossible to see you this week as I have important golf matches, and after that two matinees, and I am also to play in the club's squash tournament every afternoon at five. With all the new shows in town you can appreciate that my evenings are all taken up.

Why not offer to take me out to lunch next week?

Yrs. truly,

G. WASHINGTON.
(Dict. but not read.)

* * *

Or even a Congressman—

MY DEAR CONSTITUENT:

I have your letter asking me how I expect to vote in the matter of the new post office for our town. What do you want to be so silly for? How would you vote if you were in my place, and wanted to stay there?

I shall always be glad to hear from you or any other voters from my district, say on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November.

Yours, if you are mine,

G. WASHINGTON.
(per Sec'y.)
A. C. M. A., Jr.



Sure Way to Get Rid of Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just get about four ounces of plain, ordinary liquid arvon; apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get liquid arvon at any drug store and four ounces is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, O.

Aspirin

Beware of Imitations!



Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians over twenty-three years for

Colds	Headache
Toothache	Lumbago
Neuritis	Rheumatism
Neuralgia	Pain, Pain

Accept "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" only. Each unbroken package contains proven directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Drug-gists also sell bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

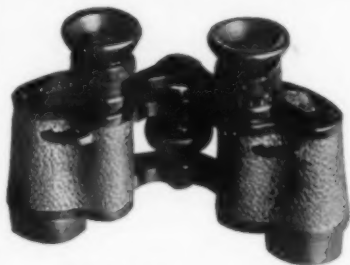
Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 8)

ened to have me up before a committee of alienists should I go the lengths of buying one at this season. So, having no academic interest in headgear, I did betake myself to an hospital to visit poor Anne Hastings, who is lying ill of a lingering malady, and she greeted me with clamors for a bout at cards, so we fell to Russian Bank, and I lost six dollars. Her gratitude pathetic to witness, also. Lord! If I had aught to do with nurses' training-schools, the curriculum would be headed by courses in card playing and fortune telling. . . . To the playhouse in the evening to see a piece called "Outward Bound," and a woman near us swooned and was carried out. I do confess to a secret envy of females who can be as silly as that without provoking their nearest relatives into giving them an overdose of something.

B. L.

GERMAN ARMY SURPLUS Prism Binoculars



\$19.50 POSTPAID

Carrying Case, etc.

SLIGHTLY USED

Schutz, Hensoldt, Optica,
Goerz, etc.

Purchased from Allied Reparations Commission at favorable rates of exchange and imported prior to the advance in the U. S. Tariff, these genuine prism binoculars represent a very unusual opportunity.

Manufactured by makers of the finest lenses in the world, under strict military supervision; used by high officers of the German army and navy, they cannot be surpassed at any price.

All glasses guaranteed in perfect condition. Shipped on receipt of check or money order under positive guarantee of full cash refund for any glasses returned.

ORDER YOUR PRISM GLASS
TODAY

HENDERSON BROTHERS
Importers

93 Federal Street Boston, 9, Mass.

INDIVIDUAL BANKING *Multiplied by 210,000*

Instead of considering our large volume of business *en masse*, we regard *each* transaction as being of importance to ourselves as well as to the customer concerned. Our volume is merely the result of multiplying the business of one average customer by 210,000, the total number of our customers.

We are able to give each customer the advantages of a large organization combined with the close personal co-operation of a neighborhood bank.

Whether your business is local, national or international it will receive from us—

"An Extra Measure of Service"

**The CONTINENTAL and
COMMERCIAL
BANKS**

CHICAGO

Resources More than \$500,000,000

The Modern

A POET wrote his simple lines
Of sunsets, cottages and vines,
But people knew just what he meant—
And so he couldn't earn a cent.

Then modern cults he tried to learn,
And wrote free verse, the while to yearn
For subtle meanings, words remote,
And striving—this is what he wrote:

*I long for the secrecy of lonely things
For I am attuned to the exquisite pain
Of vibrations, as the violin suffers
For its gift of expression.
All mute things suffer
And are misunderstood
In the great cosmic
Forces that crush.*

No longer obvious in form
His verses took the world by storm
And now—with long poetic hair,
You see him fêted everywhere.

M. W. C.

Tragic Situation


AUTHOR: I have here a gripping tragedy wherein a young man is cast on a desert island with two women and—

EDITOR: But that plot has been used a thousand times!

AUTHOR: But this is not ordinary melodrama, sir. The two women are his wife and his wife's mother.

MOTHER: Kitty! Did you make a face at me?

KITTY (complacently): No, Mother, I was only controlling my emotions.



**BUY YOUR
Mah Jong Sets
AT
DUTTON'S
BOOK STORE**

Prices \$2.50 to \$5.00

Come and see the latest thing
in Counting Sets and Racks

681 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

They all say **GLOVER'S** does the Business

Wherever you go you hear men and women say "There's nothing like Glover's for Dandruff and falling hair. It surely does the business." For 36 years Glover's has been making friends by the thousands, all over the world. If you are a dandruff sufferer, if your hair is falling out, ask for Glover's Imperial Mange Medicine at any good drug store and use exactly as directed.

Write for Free Booklet "Treatise on the Hair and Scalp," by H. Clay Glover, originator of the Glover Medicines.
Made only by the
H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc. (Dept. A-2)
127-29 West 24th Street New York City

Stepping Out



WITH the announcement of the big WAR PRIZE CONTEST in this issue, LIFE steps out on a vigorous campaign—in which it will concentrate all its forces of merriment. With its howitzers of hilarity, its machine-guns of mirth and its satirical shrapnel, LIFE will lay down a barrage which will flatten the legions of gloom from coast to coast.

Our regular troops will be assisted in this drive by the following heavy siege guns:

THE OIL NUMBER
(March 6)

THE ST. PATRICK'S NUMBER
(Goes into action on March 13)

THE BIG BUSINESS NUMBER
(Another rousing Burlesque which opens fire on March 20)

THE EASTER NUMBER
(April 3)

THE BASEBALL NUMBER
(April 17)

Obey That Impulse! Join the Army and See

Life

(An enlistment blank will be found below.)

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian, \$1.20; Foreign, \$1.40).
Send LIFE for ten weeks to

320

LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City
One Year, \$5.00 (Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60)

A common-sense evidence—on quality footwear—that the shoes are made for the wearer's convenience—*Shoe Lacing Hooks*.

Your retailer can sell you shoes with lacing hooks.

Insist on having what you want!



She: YOU RUN AHEAD, DEAR, AND HOLD THE TRAIN.
"AND WHAT PARTICULAR HOLD WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO
USE—THE HEAD LOCK, SCISSORS OR HALF-NELSON?"

MASTERPIECES

St. Gaudens' Lincoln, Lincoln Park, Chicago; greatest American portrait statue. A striking delineation of the simple nobility of Abraham Lincoln.



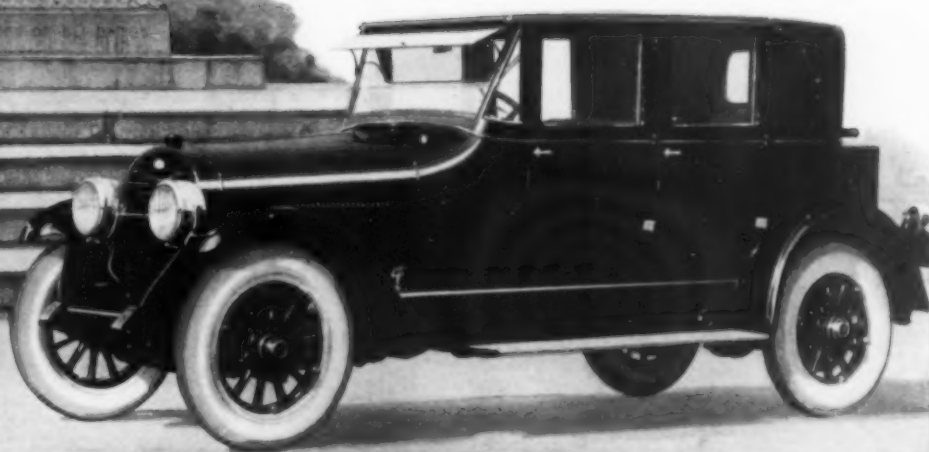
THOSE stalwart qualities of character which distinguish the leader are not attained easily, nor by chance. Only through faithful adherence to lofty principles can they be acquired.

The Lincoln car is universally recognized today as worthy of its honored name because each step in designing it and in building it has been taken in strict conformity to the tenets of correct engineering, masterly workmanship and good taste.

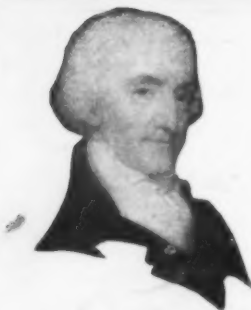
The refinements for which it is notable have been developed from a basic structure fundamentally sound. It stands four-square, a recognized masterpiece.

LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY

DIVISION OF FORD MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.



LINCOLN



Elbridge Gerry (1744-1814). Born in Marblehead, Mass. Died in Washington, D.C. Son of English merchant who settled in early days of Marblehead. Delegate Continental Congress (1776-80) (1783-1791). Ambassador to France 1797. Governor of Massachusetts 1810. Vice-President United States 1812.

Your request will bring, with our compliments, a little book containing a thumbnail biography, portrait, and signatures of all fifty-six signers together with a miniature fac-simile of the original Declaration.

THE simplest and yet most complete estate you can leave your family is Monthly Income Life Insurance. The Prudential issues this in various forms to run as many years as you wish, or for the lifetime of your beneficiary. It meets the Needs as the Needs arise. Ask us for particulars.

A Young Man of Marblehead

A FEW days after the battle of Lexington, a pretty girl was caught bound for Boston, with a letter in secret cipher.

A young man on the Committee of Public Safety translated the cipher so effectively that General Washington's court martial condemned for treason the Surgeon General of his own army!

The man who read the letter was Elbridge Gerry, (Harvard 1762), fresh from his father's store at Marblehead. A year later he signed the Declaration of Independence, saying:

"It is the duty of every man, though he may have but one day to live, to devote that day to the good of his country."

For forty-two years Elbridge Gerry made good that promise. Every day from his youth on was devoted to the good of the land of his birth and love.

No man can ever tell how many days or years he has left to serve his nation. But insurance enables him to endow his good citizenship exactly so long as he desires and so serve both his family and his country.

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

EDWARD D. DUFFIELD
President



HOME OFFICE: NEWARK
New Jersey

IF EVERY WIFE KNEW WHAT EVERY WIDOW KNOWS—EVERY HUSBAND WOULD BE INSURED